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Will There Be War?

IT IS universally claimed that, in this Manchurian crisis, the League of Nations is facing the greatest test in its history. Yesterday the League council indorsed a declaration by Aristide Briand, that the League will act to bring peace in the Far East. If peace results—if war is prevented—the League will get the credit for it; if peace doesn't result, the League will get the blame. Simple, isn't it? But, actually, too simple to be true.

WHAT is true in this particular case? In our opinion simply this: If Japan really wants war, wants to take advantage of the present situation to conquer and annex Manchuria, war she is going to have, and nothing the League of Nations can do, will prevent her. If she really DOESN'T want war, if she merely wishes to protect her property and her subjects in Manchuria, and will recall her troops whenever the dangers are over, then there will be no war.

In other words, the final outcome depends entirely upon what Japan—the strongest military power in the Far East—WANTS. If she wants war she is going to have it; if she doesn't want war, but DOES want law and order restored in Manchuria, she is going to have THAT. Which is only another way of saying that when the elements that make war exist, there is no substitute for a superior force.

THE elements that make for war, certainly exist in the Far East today. Japan is overcrowded and needs territory. In Manchuria she has the territory, the raw materials, certain legal rights, and an efficient fighting force.

On the other hand, China is not the weak and defenseless nation she once was. She has two or three hundred thousand troops under arms. Popular feeling against Japan is strong. She would never humbly submit to conquest today, as would have been the case a couple of decades ago. In the face of the common danger undoubtedly all of China would unite, and put up rather an effective resistance.

But China KNOWS she would eventually be beaten and Japan knows the same thing. So China appeals to the League of Nations and, we repeat, that appeal to the League is going to have just as much force and effect, as Japan WANTS it to have and no MORE.

NO, IF Japan really believes "der tag" has come then nothing the League of Nations can do, and nothing any nation in the world but one WILL do, can prevent a China-Japanese war.

That one nation of course is Russia. Russia alone has the force, and the political interest in Manchuria, that would justify the use of force.

If Japan believes that Russia like the rest of the world is too concerned with internal problems, to spring to the defense of China, then war will be declared; if she believes that she can't fight China without also fighting Russia, then war will not be declared.

Whatever happens the League of Nations will merely demonstrate to the world again, that without force to back up her decrees, she can no more prevent war, than Dame Partington could sweep back the waves of the Atlantic ocean.

Tell the Whole Story

THE OREGON JOURNAL is greatly excited over the spectacle of the Iowa National Guard proceeding against a group of dairy farmers with fixed bayonets.

Such a situation of course is dear to the sentimental and somewhat demagogic heart of the Journal's editorial staff, and its defense of the unarmed and embattled agriculturists, will bring tears to many eyes.

But why doesn't the Journal tell why troops were called out, and what caused this extraordinary civil war?

ACCORDING to one reliable Iowa newspaper: "Troops had to be called to protect the law abiding dairymen of this state, and the defenseless children of the commonwealth." It seems there is a state law against the sale of infected milk from tubercular cows. Cow owners are required to have their stock tested for tuberculosis before they can sell milk. The law is said to be approved by every dairy association in the state and by the people at large.

But a certain group of radical and disoriented farmers refused to submit to the law, insisted upon their right to sell milk anywhere they wished regardless of whether or not it might mean death to many people,—particularly babies. The state either had to call out troops to compel these farmers to obey the law, or admit that the law was a dead letter, and the state must be flooded by infected milk.

DOESN'T the Journal believe in the tuberculin test for cows? Doesn't it believe that such a law should be enforced?

If a minority of cow owners refuse to obey such a law and insist upon selling milk when and where they please, would the Journal favor allowing them to do so?

If not, then just how would it advise the state to compel them?

Talks To Parents
MOTHER'S SUBSTITUTE
By Alice Judson Peale
It is necessary for every mother now and then to get away from family cares. Ideally she should be free for at least a few hours each day, yet no mother has a right to delegate her job unless she is sure she is leaving an adequate substitute in her place. The first qualification for anyone left in care of a child is that she should be patient and kind and find her job congenial. The nurse who is neither fond of children nor intelligent is a real menace. It is she who inculcates the stock ideas of boys and men and bears and darkness. It is she who makes her

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
Civilization, 1931.
Carnera-Sharkey.
Ladies Present.
A Sad Dinosaur.

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If in ancient Rome you had attended the gladiatorial fights, emperor looking on, populace pointing its thumbs up or down, all classes represented, you would have a fairly clear idea of Roman civilization.

Seeing through other eyes a modern spectacle in which brutality is the amusement, with men set to fight, you get an idea of our civilization and manners.

Primo Carnera fought with a powerful Lithuanian, who chooses to call himself "Jack Sharkey."

In our prizefighting, as in other lines, American civilization has achieved "mass production."

The old prizefight, best described in Hazlett's essay, shows a few spectators gathered in an isolated spot, around men fighting with bare fists on the turf.

Night before last 30,000 men and women went a long way to Ebbet's field, Brooklyn, N. Y., to sit through cold hours of the early night, around a ring with powerful lights overhead that made the fighters visible far away.

As at other banquets there were "hors d'oeuvre" minor fights by minor fighters to whet the appetite. In dressing rooms below ground were a dozen such fighters, a majority with rather long noses, usually broken, just below the forehead; some were "ambitious beginners," others were described as "punch drunk," their brains jarred so often in prize-fights, were headed, probably, for the insane asylum.

The two "great" fighters each had separate rooms, each with half a dozen men to take care of him, winding heavy tape around his knuckles to prevent bones breaking, telling him how great he was, to keep up his morale.

James J. Johnson, who came from Liverpool, was directing the fight, his enterprise. You cannot mistake him, for he is built like Lawrence Barrett, and always wears a black derby hat, and is a philosopher. "The last ten seconds should make a champion," says he. Young men that get tired easily should remember that.

In one "preliminary" Mr. Cobb might be the best heavyweight fighter in the world, "if he could take care of himself and train." He fights a negro. Both weigh above two hundred pounds. The negro in a dressing gown of many colors would have been bought easily by the Queen of Sheba, smiles and dances, quite happy, for part of a minute. But when that preliminary is over, Mr. Cobb lifts him up and carries him to his chair, unconscious. That is over, and the crowd is well pleased. When the fighting is slow, no blood, no bruises, little action, the crowd hisses and boos.

At last the "big men" come on, one "Jack Sharkey" from the land that lies along the Baltic sea, is heavier than the majority of fighting champions, weighs 203 pounds, six feet one inch tall. As he stands in the ring, shaking hands with the giant Italian, Primo Carnera, he looks like a little boy beside his father. Referee "Gunboat" Smith, whose nose was broken in a classical manner long ago, conqueror of many of the best, refuses to make predictions: "Sharkey can box, he knows how to hit. Carnera has only what God Almighty gave him."

Divine gifts to Primo Carnera are impressive. Without an ounce of fat, his waist only two inches bigger than that of Sharkey, he weighs 263 pounds, stands nearly six feet six in height. He inherits a huge body that his ancestors brought down from the north over the Alps into Italy long years ago.

His gentle eyes are soft brown, and he seems to wonder why "promoters," observing his enormous muscle, decided to make him a prizefighter. He need not wonder, for James Johnson, wearer of the black derby, says "his owners will make a million dollars out of him."

You must know that many prize-fighters are "owned" now, as gladiators were owned in Rome. About the fight that lasted fifteen

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.
Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease, diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of the Mail Tribune.

CANCER OF THE STOMACH

Is it possible, asks a correspondent, for a doctor to take one look at an X-ray of a man's stomach and announce definitely that the patient has cancer and will not live more than a year? That is exactly what a doctor does in avoiding drafts winter after winter, after advising an X-ray examination because my father did not look well. Father has had no pains but the doctor says he will have plenty of trouble in the next few months. Father is 55 years old, has a tobacco cough, but has never been ill a day in the 23 years years I've known him, except for occasional headaches which he always assuaged with some kind of headache powder. I haven't much faith in this doctor because he is dead set against an electric fan blowing directly on one, believes in avoiding drafts winter after winter, and I cannot see how he can see another doctor because of the terrible sound hanging over his head, of which he is unaware. (Mrs. E. E.)

A doctor may be a good doctor even though he wear red suspenders or smoke two-for stogies. That this doctor harbors quaint notions about drafts by no means implies that he is not competent to diagnose cancer of the stomach. I do not think any doctor can positively diagnose cancer of the stomach from X-ray evidence alone, certainly a good doctor who has examined the patient and knows the history can arrive at a very sound opinion that the trouble is cancer, when he sees the X-ray negative.

I am no hero, but I am sure I'd rather have the candid opinion of the doctor if I were the patient in this case. There might be things I should wish to do, or other things I should not wish to do, if I knew I had cancer. It is not fair to withhold such an opinion from the patient in such a case. There may be some justification for concealing the truth in a hopeless case from a young person. But a man who has lived fifty years has had a fair shock at life and it really doesn't shock him so terribly to learn that he is numbered for the harvest.

Anyway, if the correspondent lacks faith in the ability of the doctor, she should give her father at least the chance of appealing to another doctor for either a disagreement or a confirmation of the diagnosis—provided of course that only a reputable doctor is consulted. It would be cruelty indeed if the man were persuaded to go to some charlatan who promises so much when honest doctors can give no hope.

If I had cancer of the stomach I'd just say good-bye to the doctors, unless I needed relief for pain or other distressing symptom. Certainly I should submit to no surgical exploration, unless there was a reasonable doubt of the diagnosis, a possibility that the condition might be

rounds, forty-five minutes of fighting with a minute rest between each round, you read yesterday, if interested. It was a dull affair, sort of "irretrievable force meeting an immovable obstacle."

Carnera is so tall that Sharkey could reach his face with great difficulty, and confined himself to attacks on the pit of Carnera's stomach, which he battered again and again with terrific power, driving his blows as often as possible on the left side "under the heart," cutting the skin.

Friendly experts at the ringside kept shouting "Downstairs, Jack, downstairs," meaning he should hit the giant in the abdomen.

In Carnera's corner an intelligent Frenchman, Dr. See, a great athlete in his younger days, directed and did the thinking for the huge man in the ring, calling out over and over: "Avancez," meaning "advance." "La gauche," meaning "in line," which meant that he wanted Carnera to stand up properly, sideways, not exposing himself too much.

Often the Frenchman cried "Up," suggesting that Carnera upretek Sharkey.

Flight 'o Time
(Medford and Jackson County
History From the Files of The
Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years
Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
October 14, 1921.
(It was Friday.)
R. H. McCurdy circulates petition for formation of country and golf club.

Hotel maid testifies that Dr. Brumfield, charged with murder, planned to sail for Australia.

Busset committee refuses to grant county workers 10 per cent increase in pay.

Two autos crash in front of Page theater, and departing crowd gets thrill after seeing Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro."

Merchants form own bureau in Chamber of Commerce.

Fifty-five babies register in first Medford clinic.

Dr. Brumfield, charged with murder, testifies in own behalf, and declares "mind is a blank."

Harding administration announces that general railroad strike threatened under no circumstances shall halt the mails.

Heavy wind predicted for valley.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
October 14, 1911.
(It was Saturday.)
New York Giants win first game of world series from Athletics, 3 to 1, in a great pitchers' battle between Chief Bender and Christy Matthewson.

Assessed valuation of county fixed at \$3,692,283, by Assessor W. T. Griev.

County fair to be incorporated and made annual affair.

Courts Hill writes daily articles for Mail Tribune on the world series, and what he thinks of same.

SAM
BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

SYNOPSIS: "Sam to me now with me," Freddy Munson tells Peak Abbott, Sam Abbott's fiancée. This is news to Peak, who has hoped that Sam would learn to love him. Sam became engaged to Peak because of her family's financial difficulties, and to nullify the effect of her half-brother's marriage to their maid. She has been working on the grapes, which Abbott owns, since her stepfather lost the family money. But he has been increasingly hard to control. The family budget, and she has longed for the ease of her early life. She intended to marry Freddy Munson, but was prevented by her stepfather, Nelson's action. Freddy explains this situation to Abbott, and asks him to release Sam. Abbott replies that Sam might be happier with money than with love. "I'm asking you now," Freddy says, "whether you are going to let her stick to a decision that will wreck her life."

Chapter 15
GAMBLING ON HOPE
I DON'T know, Munson, I honestly don't," Peak said. "I might, of course, follow your suggestion. I might rush out to Sam, tell her that all is discovered, cast her from my life, and take the next boat for the far east.

"That would be the dramatic thing to do, but I'm not going to do it. It wouldn't help Sam a bit." He shook his head. "No, I'll admit that you've given me something to think about, and I'll promise to think about it. Beyond that I can't go."

"No!" Freddy inquired heatedly. "Then I can go further! I can take Sam with me to Kansas City!" Peak looked at him. "Can you?" Freddy shrugged. "No," he admitted bitterly. "I can't. As a matter of fact I telephoned Sam just before I came here and she wouldn't talk to me. Said that she and I were through for good."

Peak said: "I'm sorry, Munson. I honestly am."

There was more talk but it came to nothing, and in the end Freddy went away.

So Sam was in love with Freddy Munson. That was the explanation Peak had been hunting for. She was in love with one man and engaged to be married to another. No wonder she was pale and so obviously unhappy.

Peak smiled grimly and tossed a pencil on the desk. "Well, Abbott," he remarked, half aloud, "there's your answer. And what a pretty little answer it turned out to be!" Peak Abbott decided to say nothing to anybody about Freddy's brief but important visit to the city.

Sam's behavior in the days that followed was something of a revelation. It was obvious that she must have called upon much of her reserve courage in order to rebuff Freddy when he telephoned, and it was equally obvious that, having rebuffed him, she must be suffering keenly.

To Peak, who watched her with a keen understanding of what she must be feeling, it seemed that her acting was almost perfect. She treated him and everybody else, as though nothing whatsoever had happened, and at the end of two weeks he was forced to admit that he had seen but one tiny ripple which might possibly be a mark of Freddy's swift passage across the surface of things.

Sam had once more brought up the subject of their wedding date. "Well, young man," she demanded severely, "when do you think you'll get around to doing your duty?" Peak smiled. "I suppose, in your opaque way, you are asking me when we are going to be married."

"I am," she nodded firmly. "How about next month?" "Next month?" Peak, hesitating, frowned. "I don't see how I could possibly get away for a honeymoon."

"Nonsense!" said Sam. "You're just stalling."

"Am I? I wonder."

"Certainly you are. You're trying to give me plenty of time to change my mind, in spite of the fact that I keep telling you it won't be changed."

He looked at her. "Why are you in such a hurry, Sam?" Sam said slowly, not looking at him. "Did it ever occur to you that my money troubles will be over as soon as I marry you?"

"Nonsense!" he contradicted almost angrily. "It's you who are stalling now. You know perfectly well that if you need any money you can have it. You don't have to marry me to get it."

"I suppose I don't, but the funny thing about me is that I'm a mixture of practicality and pride. I can't quite go taking something for nothing."

"I wish you loved me, Sam. I really wish you did."

"I wish I did, too. She spoke in a low voice. "It—it would make

But now the Little Black Clock drew their attention to the lake. It was absolutely smooth. Not a ripple crossed over it. It was as smooth as glass.

"Now we'll see them!" "What?" asked the children. "We'll see the photographs of the leaves—for that is what they sometimes call them."

"We would speak of the reflection of the leaves in the water, but they sometimes call them their photographs. They have photographs that do not last forever, but just see how lovely they are and how beautifully they do justice to their subjects."

And in the water all the trees were reflected, with all their many lovely colors, and in the background were the dark pine trees.

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